



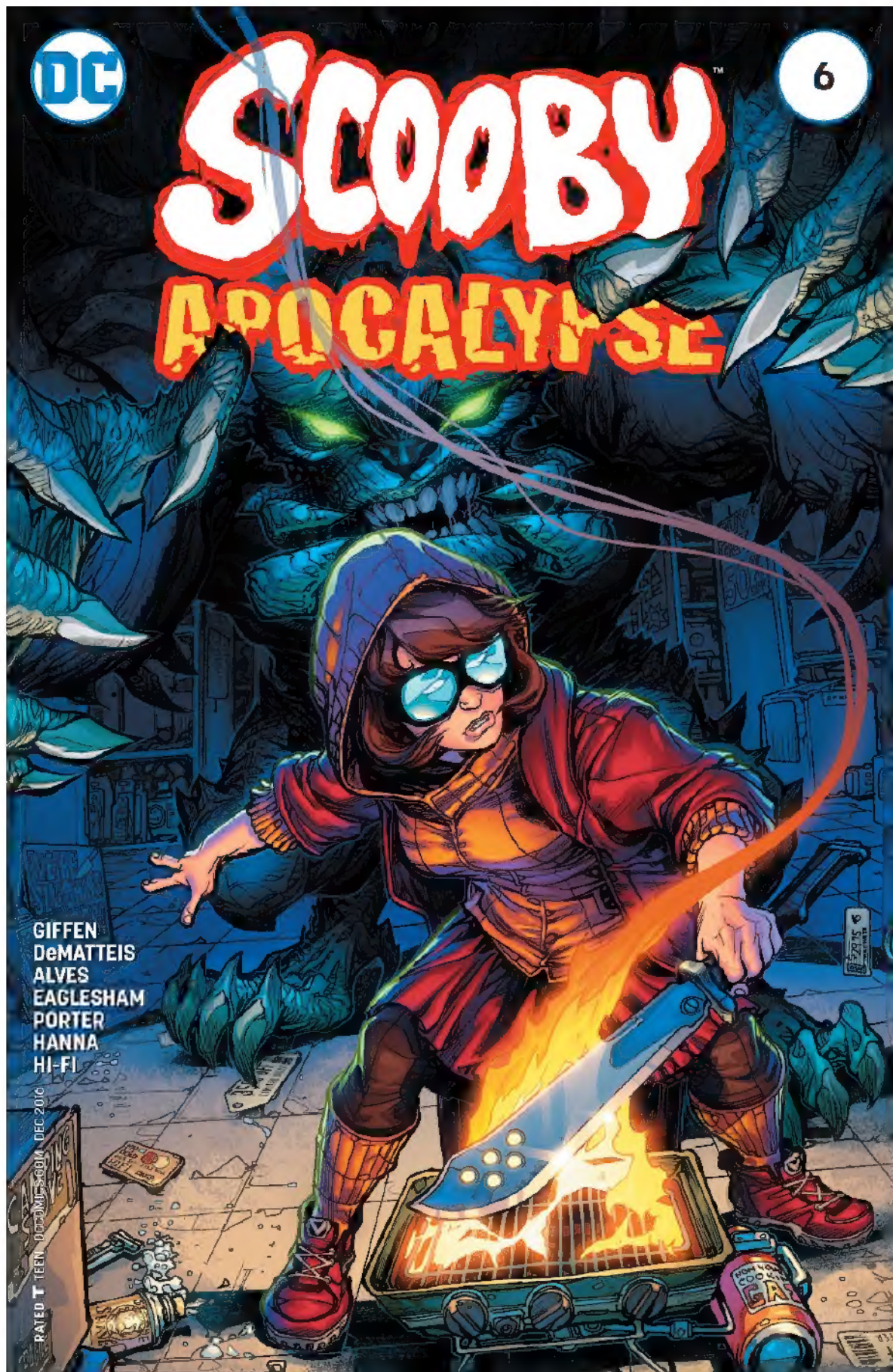
6

SCOOBY

APOCALYPSE

GIFFEN
DeMATTEIS
ALVES
EAGLESHAM
PORTER
HANNA
HI-FI

RATED T TEEN OCTOBER 2016 DEC 2016





GREEN LANTERN CORPS. THE SINESTRO CORPS.
CAN THEY SAVE THE UNIVERSE BEFORE
THEY KILL EACH OTHER?

HAL JORDAN AND THE GREEN LANTERN CORPS #8

BOTTLED LIGHT

WRITTEN BY
ROBERT
VENDITTI

ART BY
ETHAN
VAN SCIVER
AND
RAFA
SANDOVAL

THE
NEXT EPIC
STARTS
HERE!

ONLY
\$2.99

TWICE MONTHLY
BEGINNING
NOVEMBER

DC UNIVERSE REBIRTH



6

SCOOBY

APOCALYPSE

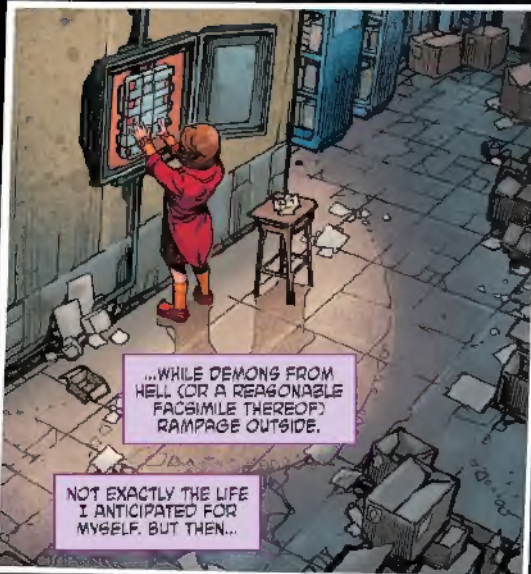


RATED **T** TEEN DCCQM.COM DEC 2016

GIFFEN
DeMATTEIS
ALVES
EAGLESHAM
PORTER
HANNA
HI-FI

MALL-MART,
SOMEWHERE IN
NEVADA...

TRAPPED IN A
BIG-BOX STORE
IN THE MIDDLE
OF NOWHERE...



...WHILE DEMONS FROM
HELL (OR A REASONABLE
FACSIMILE THEREOF)
RAMPAGE OUTSIDE.

NOT EXACTLY THE LIFE
I ANTICIPATED FOR
MYSELF. BUT THEN...



...NOTHING IN MY LIFE
HAS EVER GONE
AS ANTICIPATED.

STILL, THIS
PARTICULAR CHAIN
OF EVENTS HAS
TRANSCENDED THE
BOUNDARIES...



...OF EVEN MY
MOST EXTREME
SPECULATIONS.

RELMA...P
REVERTING
ROKAY?

NOT NOW,
SCOOBY-
DOO.

I'M TRYING TO
RESTORE THE POWER
SO THAT I CAN REBOOT
MY LAPTOP AND ACCESS
THE COMPLEX'S
SERVERS.



IF I CAN CONTACT
A TEAM AT ONE OF OUR
SECONDARY INSTALLATIONS,
THEY MAY BE ABLE TO HELP
US SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF
WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO THE WORLD.

IF THEY'VE
SURVIVED,
THAT IS.

I'M TALKING TO A DOG, WHO
UNDERSTANDS WHAT I'M
SAYING. AND TALKS BACK!



THIS IS PURE
INSANITY.

AND I'VE GOT NO
ONE TO BLAME...

...BUT
MYSELF.

The Secret History of VELMA DINKLEY



KEITH GIFFEN & J.M. DeMATTEIS: writers **HOWARD PORTER:** pencils/inks p.1, 17
WELLINTON ALVES: pencils p.2-16 **SCOTT HANNA:** inks p.2-16

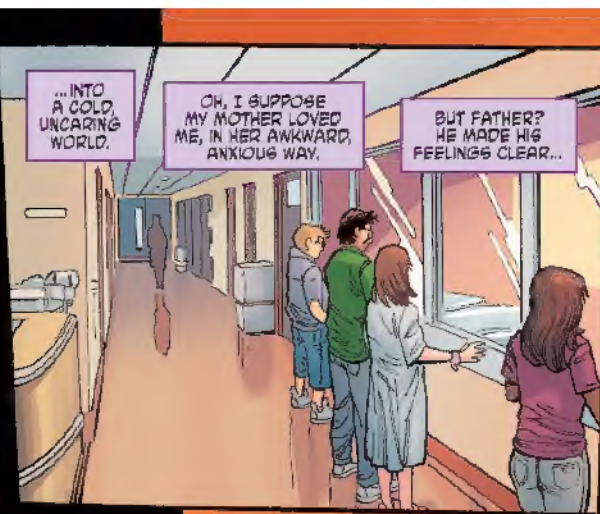
HI-FI: color **TRAVIS LANHAM:** letters **HOWARD PORTER** and **HI-FI:** main cover
DAN PARENT: variant cover **BRITTANY HOLZHERR:** asst. editor **MARIE JAVINS:** group editor
Based on a concept by **JIM LEE**

I WONDER WHAT MY FATHER WOULD SAY IF HE
COULD SEE ME NOW? PROBABLY THE SAME THING
HE'S BEEN SAYING MY ENTIRE LIFE. "VELMA--"



"...YOU'RE A TERRIBLE DISAPPOINTMENT TO ME."

I KNOW SCIENCE CLAIMS IT'S AN IMPOSSIBILITY, BUT I SWEAR I REMEMBER BEING BORN, TORN FROM THE COMFORT OF THE WOMB...



...INTO A COLD, UNCARING WORLD.

OH, I SUPPOSE MY MOTHER LOVED ME, IN HER ANKWARD, ANXIOUS WAY.

BUT FATHER? HE MADE HIS FEELINGS CLEAR...

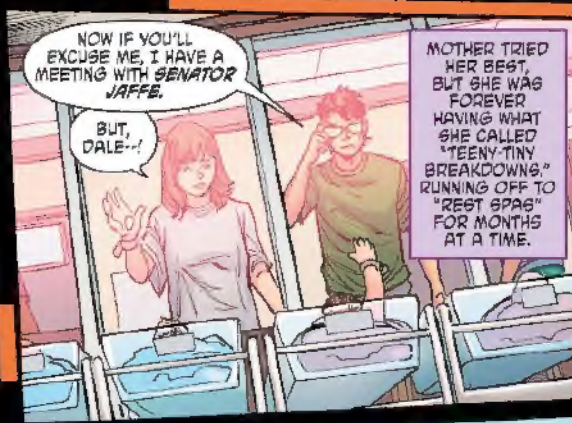


...FROM THE VERY START.

SHE'S A LOVELY LITTLE THING--ISN'T SHE, DALE?

SHE'S A FRAGILE LITTLE RUNT, ANGIE. THE WORLD'S GOING TO DEVOUR HER--

--JUST THE WAY IT'S DEVoured YOU.



NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE A MEETING WITH SENATOR JAFFE.

BUT, DALE--!

MOTHER TRIED HER BEST, BUT SHE WAS FOREVER HAVING WHAT SHE CALLED "TEENY-TINY BREAKDOWNS," RUNNING OFF TO "REST SPAS" FOR MONTHS AT A TIME.



SWEET LITTLE VELMA...I'M SO SORRY--

--FOR BOTH OF US.

FATHER WAS ALWAYS BUSY WITH POLITICS: A CAMPAIGN MANAGER FOR THREE CONGRESSMEN, TWO SENATORS AND ONE FAILED PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.



HE BELIEVED THAT IT WAS A PERSON'S DUTY TO SERVE THE GREATER GOOD. STRANGE, OF COURSE, THAT THE GOOD HE SO OFTEN LECTURED US ABOUT...

...RARELY EXTENDED TO HIS OWN FAMILY.



THAT LEFT ME IN THE CARE OF NANNIES (MOST OF WHOM COULD HAVE CARED LESS) AND, ON THE RARE OCCASIONS WHEN THEY DESIGNED TO LOOK AT ME...

...MY BROTHERS. OR AS I CAME TO CALL THEM (WITH BOTH MOCKERY AND ENVY)...



...THE FOUR.

THEY WERE LIKE ONE MIND IN A QUARTET OF BODIES, WITH A COLLECTIVE WILL AND PURPOSE THAT NEVER INCLUDED ME.

COULD I BLAME THEM? NOT COMPLETELY. I ALWAYS FELT DIFFERENT, APART. PERHAPS IT WAS MY GENIUS (I DO, AFTER ALL, HAVE AN IQ OF 160)...



...OR PERHAPS IT WAS SOMETHING DEEPER: I WAS NEVER COMFORTABLE (AND THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY) INTERACTING WITH OTHERS.

INTERPERSONAL EXCHANGES WERE ALWAYS CONFUSING, EMBARRASSING-- AND, FRANKLY, NOT WORTH THE EFFORT.



WHICH IS WHY I FOUND MYSELF AS ALONE AT SCHOOL AS I WAS AT HOME:

RESENTED FOR MY INTELLIGENCE, CONSTANTLY RIDICULED FOR MY SOCIAL AWKWARDNESS.

I HATED IT.



AND I HATED THEM.

SO I RETREATED EVEN MORE...



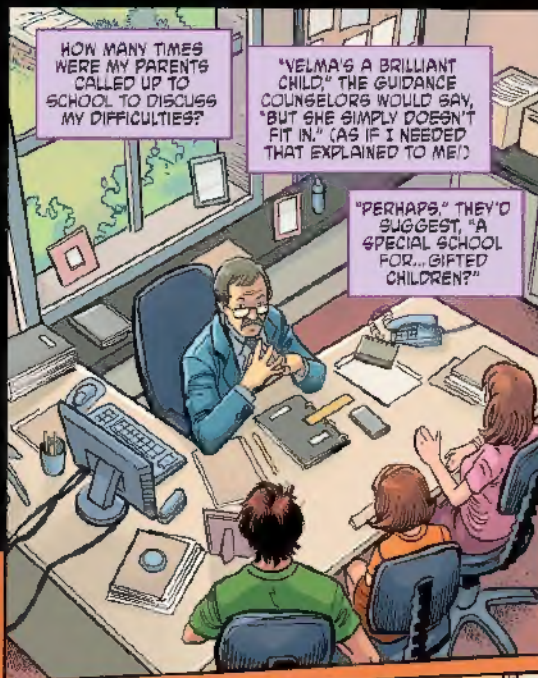
...INTO MY BOOKS, INTO MYSELF.

AND, IN MY OWN PECULIAR WAY...



...I WAS HAPPY, OR PERHAPS...

...I SIMPLY CONVINCED MYSELF I WAS.



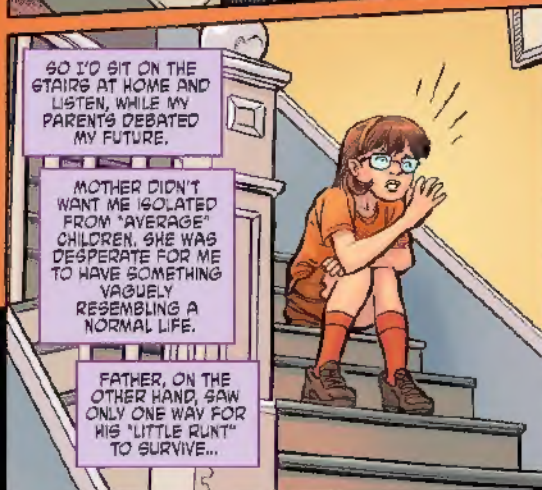
HOW MANY TIMES WERE MY PARENTS CALLED UP TO SCHOOL TO DISCUSS MY DIFFICULTIES?

"VELMA'S A BRILLIANT CHILD," THE GUIDANCE COUNSELORS WOULD SAY, "BUT SHE SIMPLY DOESN'T FIT IN." (AS IF I NEEDED THAT EXPLAINED TO ME!)

"PERHAPS," THEY'D SUGGEST, "A SPECIAL SCHOOL FOR... GIFTED CHILDREN?"



IT CERTAINLY DIDN'T *FEEL* LIKE A GIFT.



SO I'D SIT ON THE STAIRS AT HOME AND LISTEN, WHILE MY PARENTS DEBATED MY FUTURE.

MOTHER DIDN'T WANT ME ISOLATED FROM "AVERAGE" CHILDREN. SHE WAS DESPERATE FOR ME TO HAVE SOMETHING VAGUELY RESEMBLING A NORMAL LIFE.

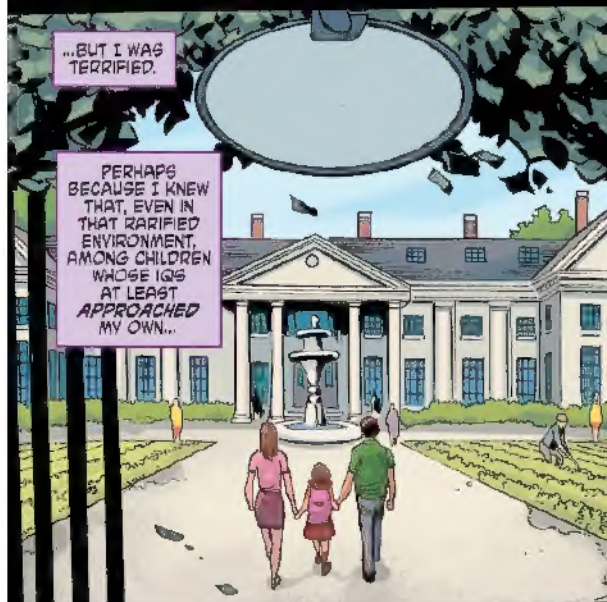
FATHER, ON THE OTHER HAND, SAW ONLY ONE WAY FOR HIS "LITTLE RUNT" TO SURVIVE...



...AND HE ALWAYS WON IN THE END.

SO IT WAS ANNOUNCED THAT I'D SOON BE SENT OFF TO A VERY ELITE, AND VERY EXPENSIVE, BOARDING SCHOOL.

I SHOULD HAVE BEEN ELATED...



...BUT I WAS TERRIFIED.

PERHAPS BECAUSE I KNEW THAT, EVEN IN THAT RARIFIED ENVIRONMENT, AMONG CHILDREN WHOSE IQS AT LEAST APPROACHED MY OWN...



...I'D STILL BE AN OUTCAST.



AND VERY MUCH ALONE.



HEY--



--WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE?

WHAT? UM... NOTHING. JUST... WELL, YOU SEE--

M-MY ROOMMATE'S ALWAYS BLASTING HER MUSIC AND I... AH... CAN'T CONCENTRATE, SO--



SO YOU COME INTO THE BATHROOM TO READ?

I'LL... I'LL GO IF I'M BOTHERING YOU. I... UM... DIDN'T MEAN TO--

WAIT, IS THAT FEYNMAN?

EXCUSE ME?



IT IS!

"EVERYTHING WE KNOW IS ONLY SOME KIND OF APPROXIMATION, BECAUSE WE KNOW THAT WE DO NOT KNOW ALL THE LAWS YET."

YOU KNOW RICHARD FEYNMAN?

SHE DID. FEYNMAN AND HEISENBERG, PLANCK AND BOHR, AND SO MUCH MORE.



MADelyn Wu was as awkward as I was (okay, no one was that awkward, but she came close), nearly as intelligent-- and as much the outcast.

FOR THE FIRST--AND PERHAPS ONLY--TIME I ENCOUNTERED ANOTHER MIND AS BROAD, AS INQUISITIVE, AS HUNGRY FOR KNOWLEDGE, AS MY OWN.

AND FOR THE FIRST--AND PERHAPS ONLY--TIME...



...I HAD A FRIEND.

TRUE, IT WAS A FRIENDSHIP ROOTED IN MENTAL, NOT EMOTIONAL, CONNECTION. BUT, FOR SOMEONE LIKE ME...

...THAT WAS FAR
PREFERABLE.

SUMMER VACATION
CRAWLED ALONG
LIKE AN INEBRIATED
SLUG THAT YEAR. I
COULDN'T WAIT TO
GET BACK TO
SCHOOL. TO SEE
MADELYN AGAIN
AND CONTINUE
OUR INTELLECTUAL
VOYAGES.

BUT, AS I SOON
DISCOVERED...

VELMA!
MADELYN...?

...MY FRIEND HAD SPENT
HER VACATION ON A
DIFFERENT KIND OF VOYAGE.
ONE THAT INVOLVED
EXPLODING HORMONES.

SHE HAD, AS
ADULTS LIKE TO SAY,
BLOSSOMED--AND
NOT JUST PHYSICALLY.
MADELYN WU HAD
COMPLETELY
TRANSFORMED...

...INTO A CREATURE
I COULDN'T BEGIN
TO FATHOM.

I LISTENED,
STUNNED, AS
SHE BLATHERED
ON AND ON ABOUT
THE BOY SHE'D
BEEN DATING, THE
NEW FRIENDS
SHE'D MADE.

HOW SHE
COULDN'T
WAIT FOR ME
TO COME VISIT
DURING OCTOBER
BREAK AND MEET
THEM ALL AND
BLAHBLAHBLAH.

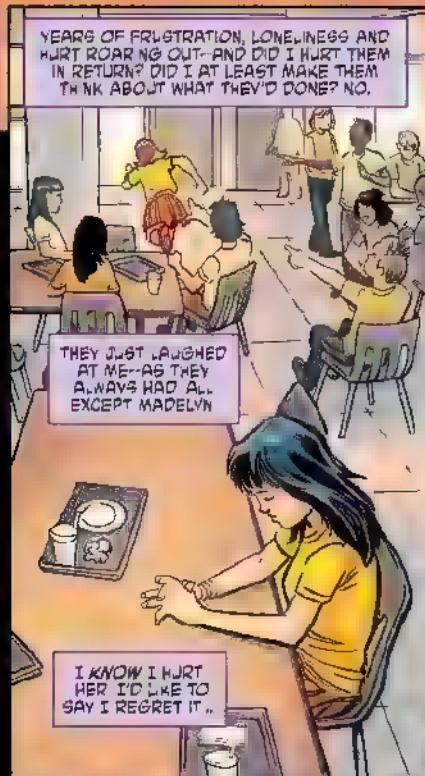
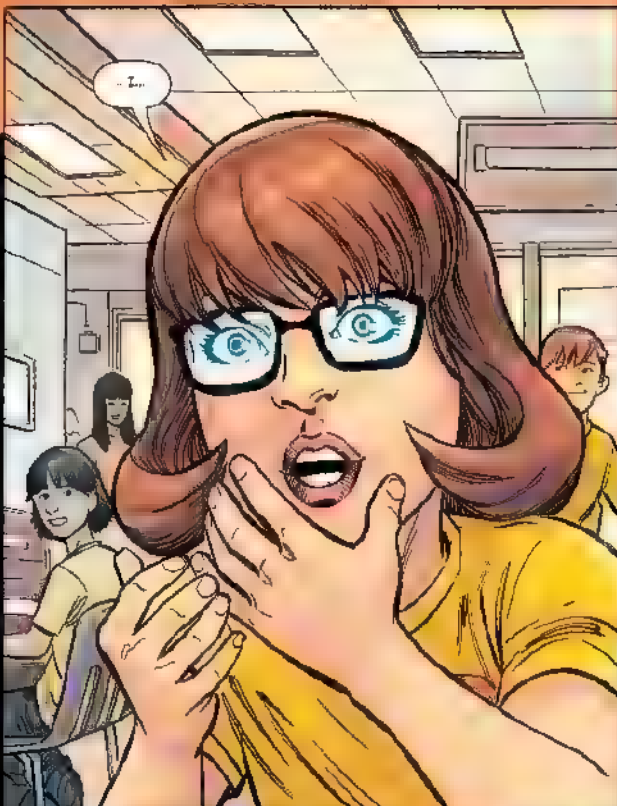
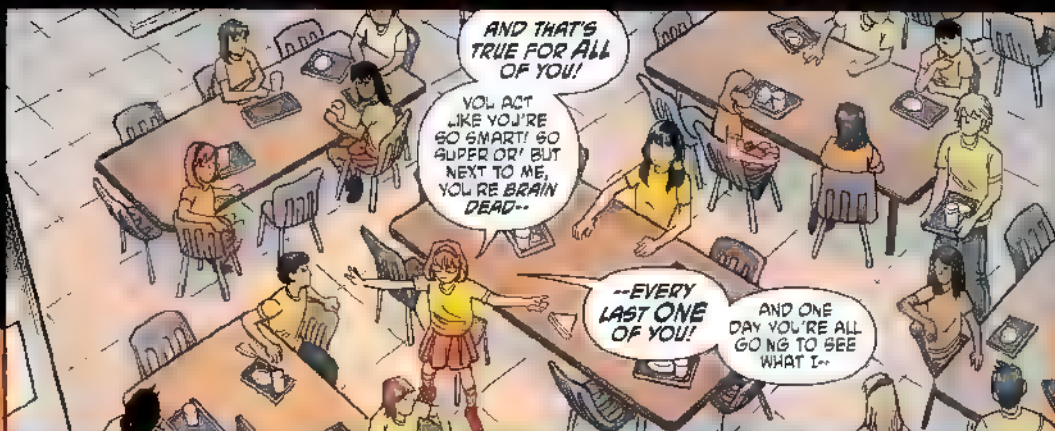
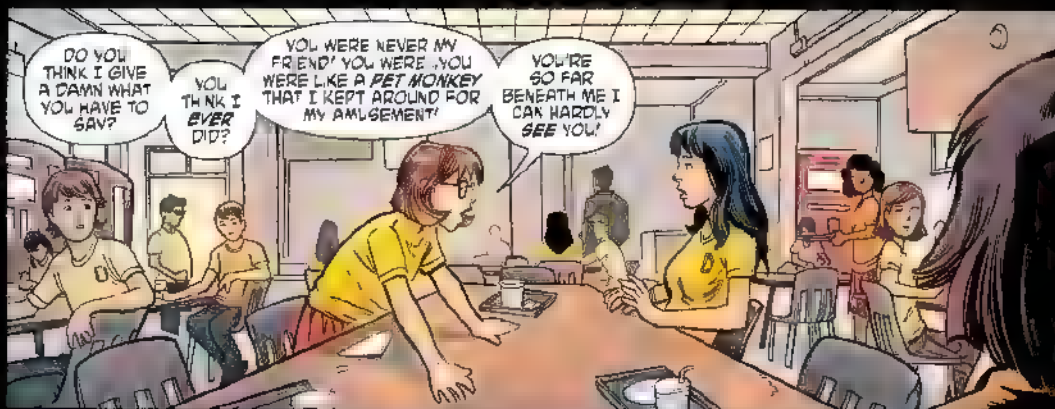
AT FIRST I
THOUGHT
IT WAS A
PERFORMANCE.
THAT MADDY
WAS MOCKING
THE SMUG,
SHALLOW GIRLS
WHO'D TREATED
US BOTH SO
CRUELLY FOR
SO LONG.

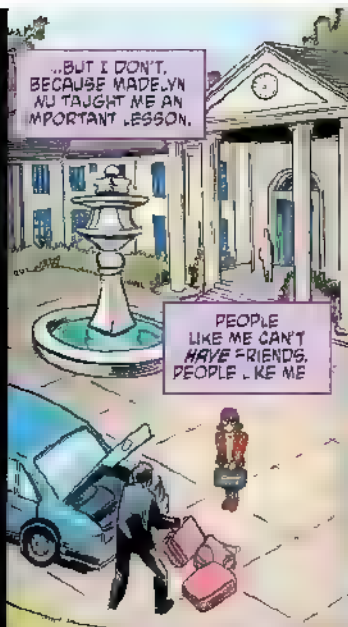
BUT WHEN I REALIZED
THAT SHE WASN'T JOKING...

WILL
YOU PLEASE
SHUT UP?!

...SOMETHING
SNAPPED
INSIDE ME.

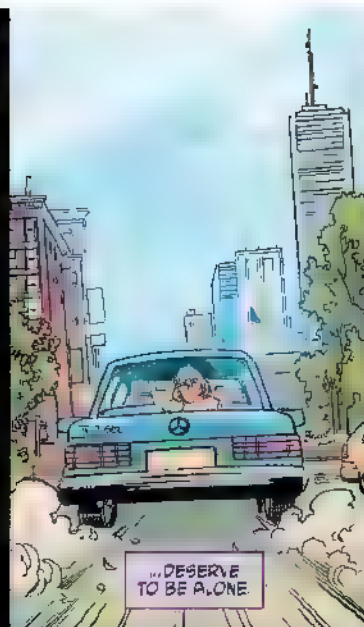
VELMA!
WH-WHAT ARE
YOU...?



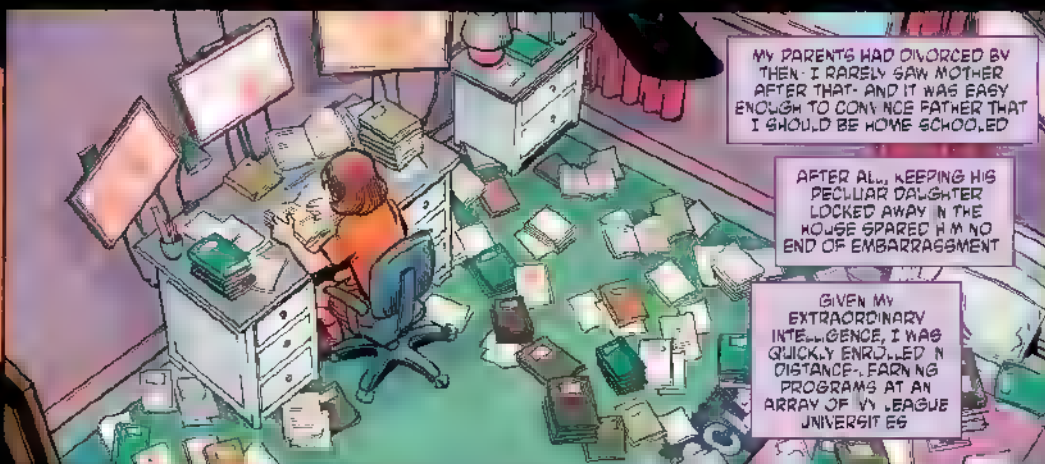


...BUT I DON'T, BECAUSE MADELYN NU TAUGHT ME AN MPORTANT LESSON.

PEOPLE LIKE ME CAN'T HAVE FRIENDS. PEOPLE LIKE ME



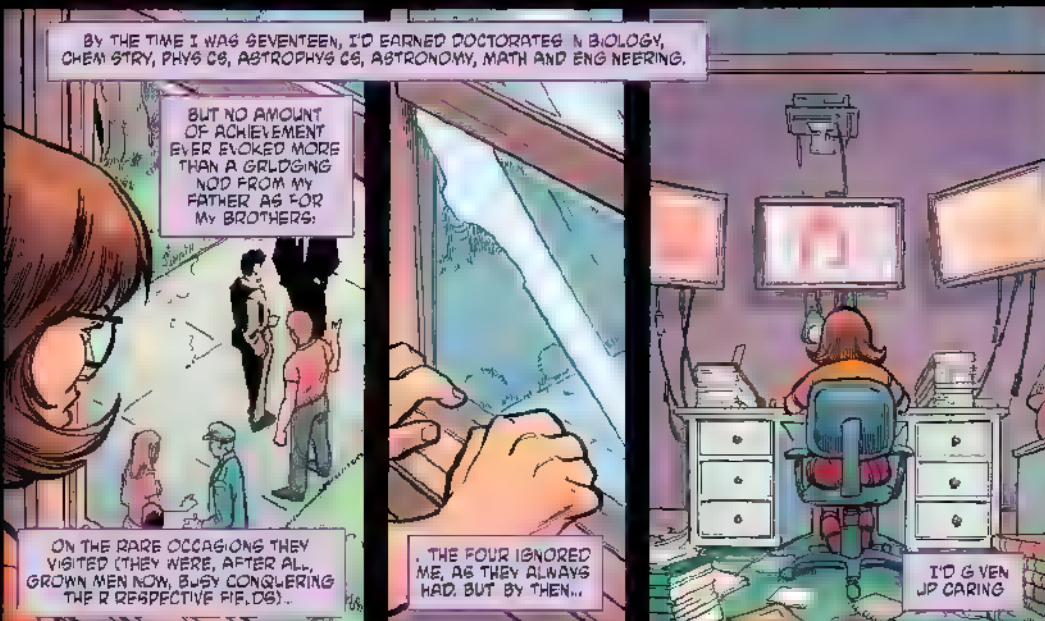
...DESERVE TO BE ALONE



MY PARENTS HAD DIVORCED BY THEN. I RARELY SAW MOTHER AFTER THAT. AND IT WAS EASY ENOUGH TO CONVINCE FATHER THAT I SHOULD BE HOME-SCHOOLED

AFTER ALL, KEEPING HIS PECULIAR DAUGHTER LOCKED AWAY IN THE HOUSE SPARED HIM NO END OF EMBARRASSMENT

GIVEN MY EXTRAORDINARY INTELLIGENCE, I WAS QUICKLY ENROLLED IN DISTANCE-LEARNING PROGRAMS AT AN ARRAY OF VULGAR UNIVERSITIES



BY THE TIME I WAS SEVENTEEN, I'D EARNED DOCTORATES IN BIOLOGY, CHEMISTRY, PHYSICS, ASTROPHYSICS, ASTRONOMY, MATH AND ENGINEERING.

BUT NO AMOUNT OF ACHIEVEMENT EVER EVOKE MORE THAN A GRUDGING NOD FROM MY FATHER AS FOR MY BROTHERS:

ON THE RARE OCCASIONS THEY VISITED (THEY WERE, AFTER ALL, GROWN MEN NOW, BUSY CONQUERING THE RESPECTIVE FIELDS)...

THE FOUR IGNORED ME, AS THEY ALWAYS HAD. BUT BY THEN...

I'D GIVEN UP CARING

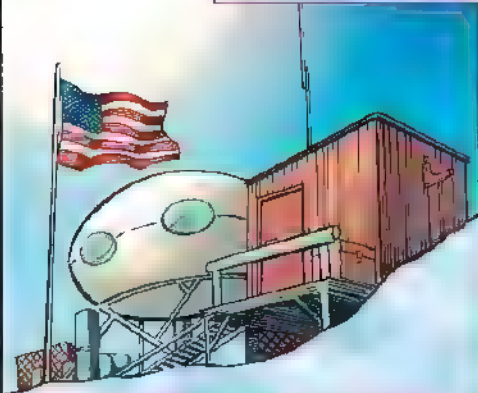
BUT IF I'M HONEST, I MUST ADMIT
THERE WAS A PART OF ME THAT
WANTED TO BELONG TO SOMETHING
BIGGER THAN MYSELF

EVEN AS I CONTINUED TO
RETREAT INTO A WORLD OF
PURE KNOWLEDGE, I LONGED
TO REACH OUT, TO MAKE A
DIFFERENCE IN THE LIVES OF
THE MASSES I BOTH ENVIED
AND DESPISED

PERHAPS IT
WAS FATHER'S
CONSTANT
LECTURES ABOUT
SERVING THE
GREATER GOOD
PERHAPS I
HOPED THAT,
BY SOMEHOW
IMPROVING
HUMANITY'S
LOT, I COULD
MAKE MY OWN
LOT BETTER

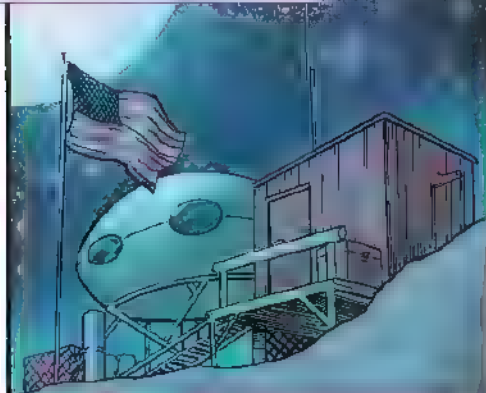
BUT WANTING
TO SERVE
HUMANITY AND
INTERACTING WITH
OTHER PEOPLE
WERE TWO VASTLY
DIFFERENT
THINGS

...WHICH MAY EXPLAIN WHY I ACCEPTED A JOB AT A RESEARCH CENTER
IN THE MOST REMOTE, DESOLATE REGION OF THE SOUTH POLE.



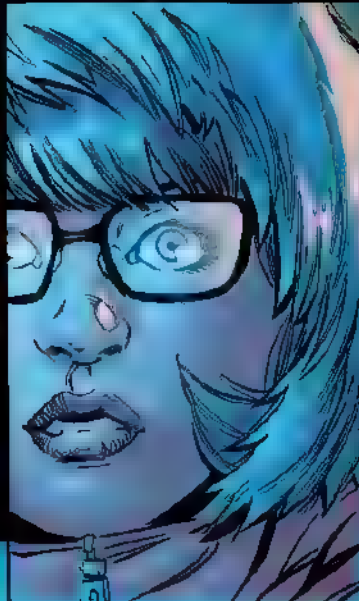
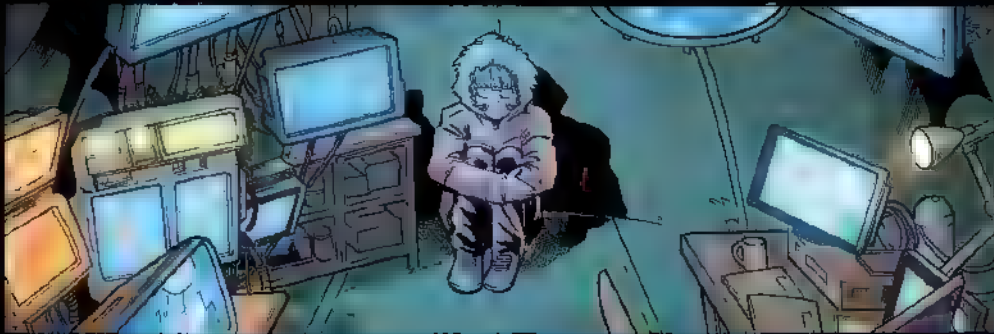
AND EVEN THERE, I SOUGHT
DEEPER ISOLATION: WORKING
NOT AT THE MAIN LAB WITH THE
ENTIRE TEAM, BUT ALONE AT A
SUBSTATION MILES AWAY.

SIX MONTHS
OF PERPETUAL
DAYLIGHT
PASSED.



...FOLLOWED BY
SIX MONTHS OF
PERPETUAL NIGHT

I SPENT FOUR YEARS
LIKE THAT--STUDYING THE
COLDNESS OF SPACE, THE
LIGHT OF DISTANT STARS,
AND EVERYTHING WAS FINE.



JNT. IT WASN'T.

AND SO, LIKE MY MOTHER BEFORE ME, I WAS DISPATCHED TO A "REST HOME." MY FATHER PAID, OF COURSE, BUT HE NEVER VISITED. NO ONE DID..

...UNTIL, TO MY ABSOLUTE ASTONISHMENT, THE FOUR ARRIVED, EXPRESSING (OR PERHAPS FEIGNING) CONCERN FOR MY WELL-BEING.

MY BROTHERS HAD DONE VERY WELL FOR THEMSELVES. ONE HAD FOLLOWED MY FATHER INTO THE POLITICAL ARENA. ANOTHER HAD RISEN HIGH IN THE MILITARY. A THIRD WORKED IN WHAT HE CALLED THE "CLANDESTINE SERVICE." AND THE FOURTH?

A SCIENTIST--WITH FAR LESS GENIUS, BUT PERHAPS FAR MORE VISION..

...THAN
HIS SISTER
POSSESSED.

THEY EACH
SPOKE IN TURN,
TELLING ME
ABOUT THEIR
PLANS FOR THE
COMPLEX (WHICH
WAS ALREADY
BEING BUILT)..

...HOW THE FOUR OF
THEM HAD POOLED
THEIR RESOURCES,
THEIR CONNECTIONS IN
GOVERNMENT AND THE
PRIVATE SECTOR...

...A
GOLDEN
AGE.

BUT IN
ORDER TO
MAKE OUR VISION
A REALITY, WE
NEED A *SUPERIOR*
MIND, VELMA. WE
NEED YOU.

ME? YOU FOUR
HAVE NEVER
NEEDED ME, NEVER
WANTED ME

OR
IS IT--

...TO CREATE AN
ORGANIZATION
THAT WOULD BE
MORE EFFICIENT
THAN BOTH

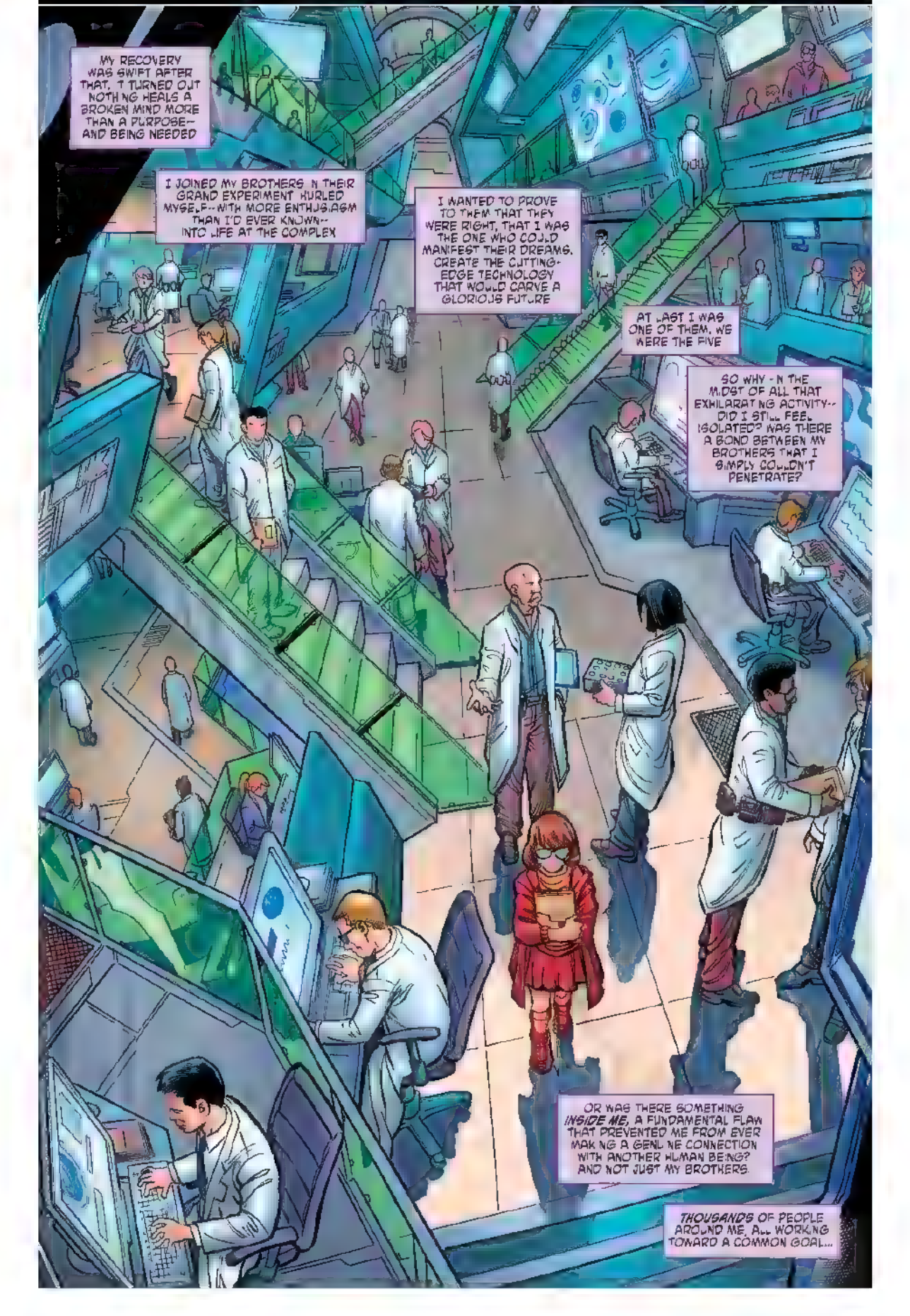
THAT WOULD SERVE THE
GREATER GOOD AND CHANGE
THIS TROUBLED WORLD FOR
THE BETTER BRINGING FORTH..

--THAT
YOU NEVER
WANTED
US?

WHATEVER
THE CASE--THE
PAST IS DEAD
AND GONE THE
FOUR ARE
FINISHED

FROM
NOW ON--

--WE'LL BE
THE FIVE.



MY RECOVERY
WAS SWIFT AFTER
THAT. I TURNED OUT
NOTHING HEALS A
BROKEN MIND MORE
THAN A PURPOSE--
AND BEING NEEDED

I JOINED MY BROTHERS IN THEIR
GRAND EXPERIMENT HURLED
MYSELF WITH MORE ENTHUSIASM
THAN I'D EVER KNOWN--
INTO LIFE AT THE COMPLEX

I WANTED TO PROVE
TO THEM THAT THEY
WERE RIGHT, THAT I WAS
THE ONE WHO COULD
MANIFEST THEIR DREAMS.
CREATE THE CUTTING-
EDGE TECHNOLOGY
THAT WOULD CARVE A
GLORIOUS FUTURE

AT LAST I WAS
ONE OF THEM. WE
WERE THE FIVE

SO WHY - IN THE
MIDST OF ALL THAT
EXHILARATING ACTIVITY--
DID I STILL FEEL
ISOLATED? WAS THERE
A BOND BETWEEN MY
BROTHERS THAT I
SIMPLY COULDN'T
PENETRATE?

OR WAS THERE SOMETHING
INSIDE ME, A FUNDAMENTAL FLAW
THAT PREVENTED ME FROM EVER
MAKING A GENUINE CONNECTION
WITH ANOTHER HUMAN BEING?
AND NOT JUST MY BROTHERS.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE
AROUND ME, ALL WORKING
TOWARD A COMMON GOAL...

AND I WAS
STILL ALONE

AND THEN CAME
THE NIGHTMARE...

...AND THE
REVELATION

THE
DREAM. THE
MONSTERS. IT
WAS AS IF EVERY
DARK ASPECT
OF HUMANKIND,
EVERY NEGATIVE
IMPULSE THAT
DRAWS US
DOWN,

...TOOK FORM
IN MY MIND. BUT
WHEN I WOKE UP,

...I KNEW HOW TO
CHANGE IT. CHANGE US!

SO I RACED TO MY BROTHERS, LAID OUT THE
FOUNDATION FOR A PROJECT I CALLED *ELYSIUM*.

EXPLAINED HOW
WE COULD USE
THE COMPLEX'S
BREAKTHROUGHS
IN NANOTECH,
ALONG WITH
OUR PIONEERING
RESEARCH
IN CHEMISTRY,
PSYCHOLOGY AND
BIOPHYSICS.

...TO RAISE
HUMANITY UP TO
A NEW LEVEL..

...TAMPING DOWN
OUR DESTRUCTIVE
IMPULSES -

-AND
GIVING
FULL REIN
TO OUR
BETTER
ANGELS.
MAKING LIFE
ON EARTH A
PARADISE
SUCH AS
WE HAVE
NEVER
KNOWN.

FLUSHED TREMBLING, I
WAITED FOR THEIR RESPONSE
WOULD THEY REJECT ME?
WOULD THEY LAUGH?

CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP

CLAP
CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP

IT WAS
THE MOST
WONDERFUL
MOMENT..

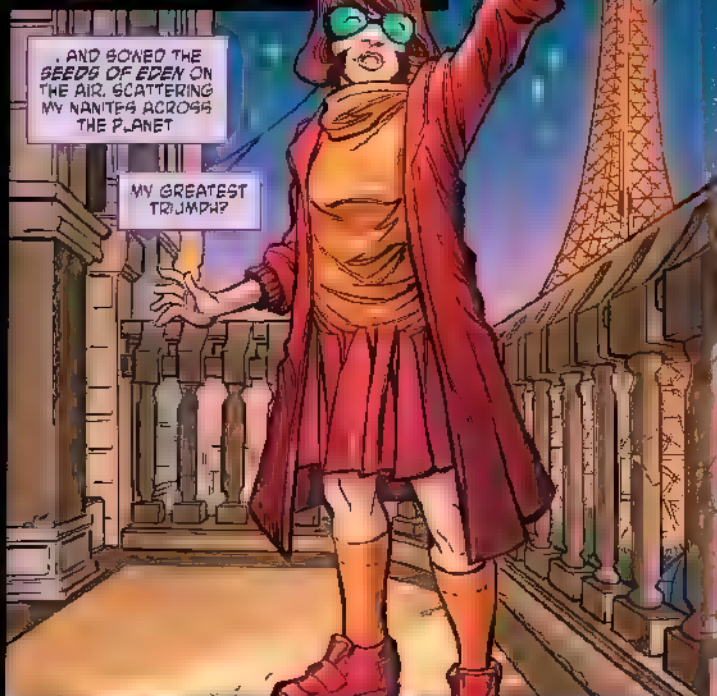
...OF MY
ENTIRE LIFE.

...MATCHED ONLY BY
THE DAY, EIGHTEEN
MONTHS LATER, WHEN
I STOOD ON THAT
BALCONY IN PARIS.

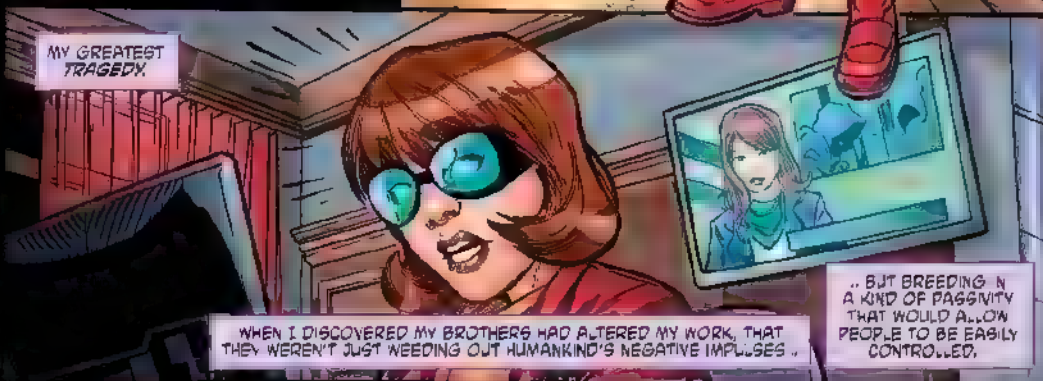


...AND SOWN THE
SEEDS OF EDEN ON
THE AIR, SCATTERING
MY NANITES ACROSS
THE PLANET.

MY GREATEST
TRIUMPH?



MY GREATEST
TRAGEDY.



WHEN I DISCOVERED MY BROTHERS HAD ALTERED MY WORK, THAT
THEY WEREN'T JUST NEEDING OUT HUMANKIND'S NEGATIVE IMPULSES.

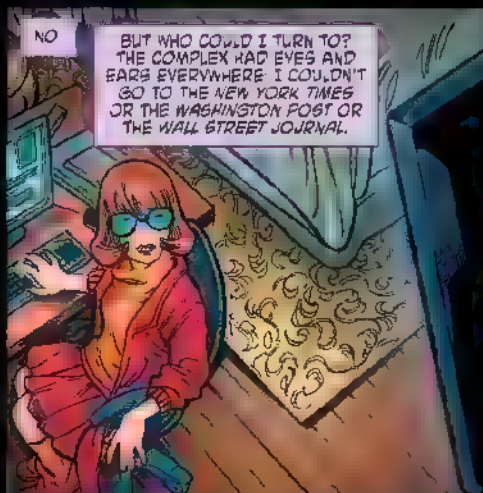
... BUT BREEDING IN
A KIND OF PASSIVITY
THAT WOULD ALLOW
PEOPLE TO BE EASILY
CONTROLLED.

...I KNEW I HAD TO ACT EXPOSE
THEM BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE.
I FELT A PROFOUND HORROR
AND A TERRIBLE SENSE OF
RESPONSIBILITY TO MYSELF--AND
TO THE WORLD I'D ENDANGERED.

AND, YES, I WANTED TO PUNISH THE
FOUR FOR THEIR BETRAYAL... LASH
OUT AT THEM FOR HURTING ME...

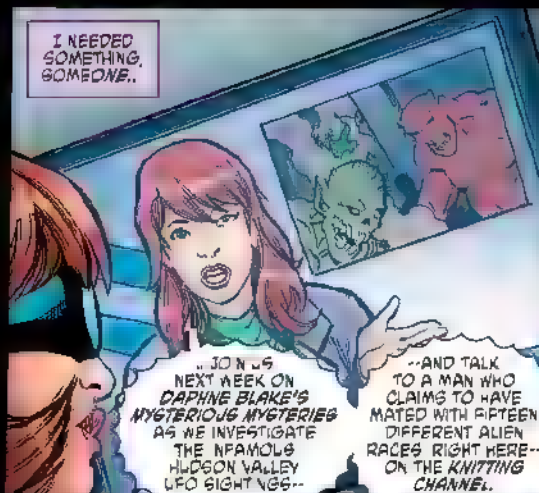


...JUST AS I'D ONCE
LAGGED OUT AT
MADELYN HU. WAS
THAT PETTY OF ME?
PERHAPS. DID IT
MAKE MY TASK ANY
LESS URGENT?



NO

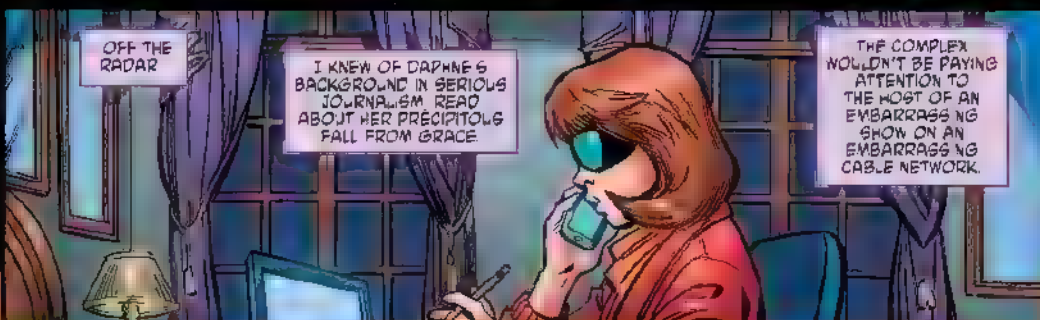
BUT WHO COULD I TURN TO?
THE COMPLEX HAD EYES AND
EARS EVERYWHERE. I COULDN'T
GO TO THE NEW YORK TIMES
OR THE WASHINGTON POST OR
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.



I NEEDED
SOMETHING,
SOMEONE..

...ON US
NEXT WEEK ON
DAPHNE BLAKE'S
MYSTERIOUS MYSTERIES
AS WE INVESTIGATE
THE INFAMOUS
HUDSON VALLEY
UFO SIGHTS--

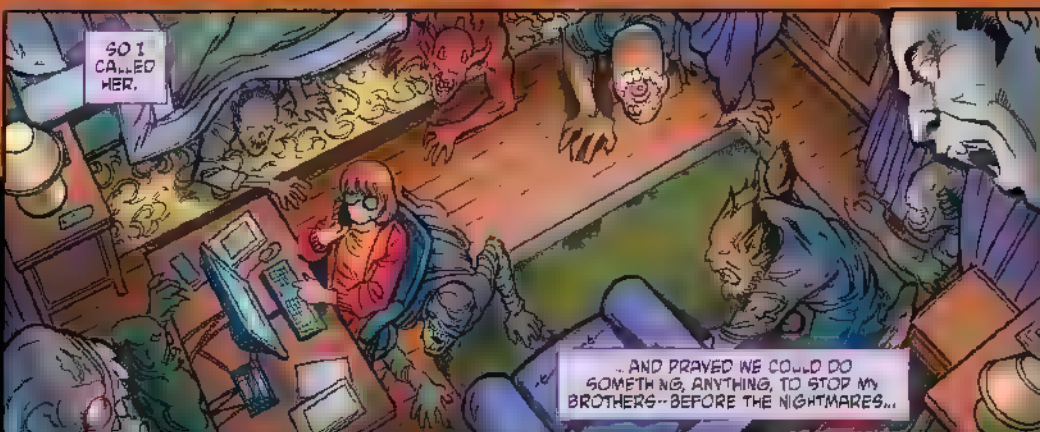
--AND TALK
TO A MAN WHO
CLAIMS TO HAVE
MATED WITH FIFTEEN
DIFFERENT ALIEN
RACES RIGHT HERE--
ON THE KNITTING
CHANNEL.



OFF THE
RADAR

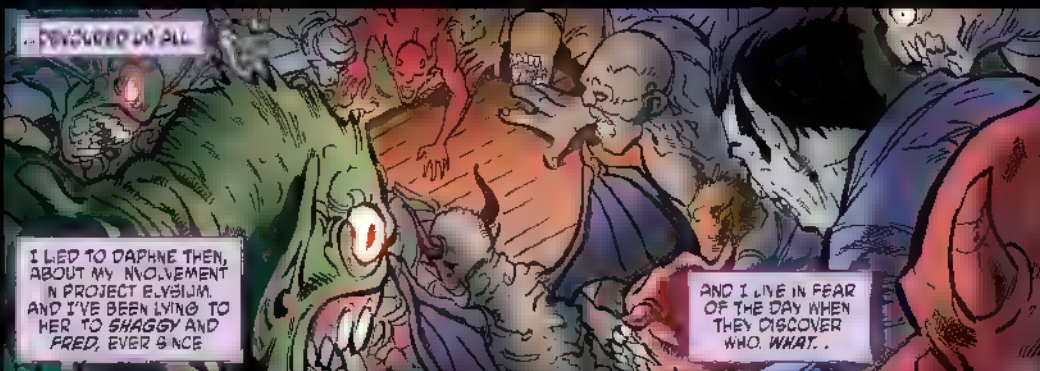
I KNEW OF DAPHNE'S
BACKGROUND IN SERIOUS
JOURNALISM. READ
ABOUT HER PRECIPITOUS
FALL FROM GRACE

THE COMPLEX
WOULDN'T BE PAYING
ATTENTION TO
THE MOST OF AN
EMBARRASSING
SHOW ON AN
EMBARRASSING
CABLE NETWORK.



SO I
CALLED
HER.

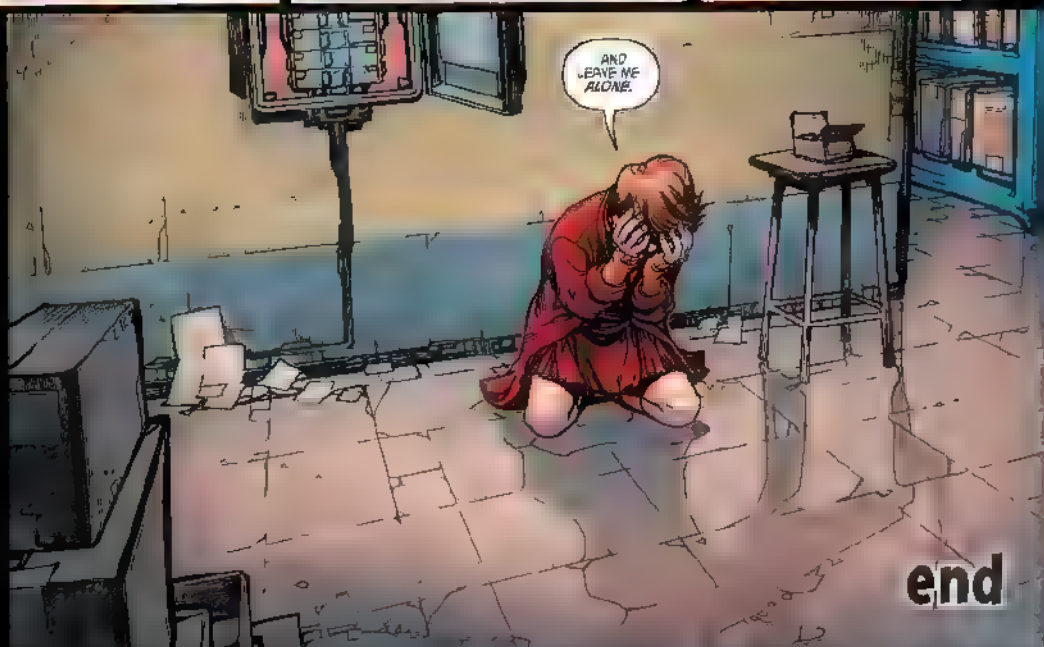
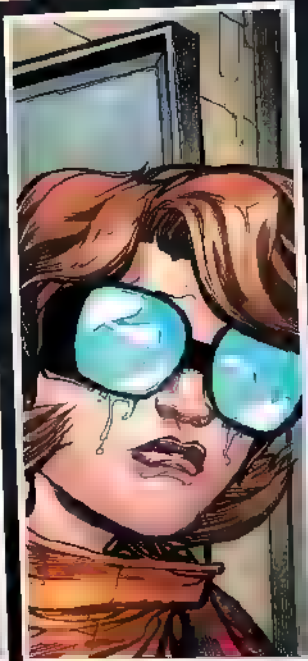
...AND PRAYED WE COULD DO
SOMETHING, ANYTHING, TO STOP MY
BROTHERS-- BEFORE THE NIGHTMARES...



...DEVOLVED IN ALL

I LED TO DAPHNE THEN,
ABOUT MY INVOLVEMENT
IN PROJECT ELYSIUM.
AND I'VE BEEN LYING TO
HER TO SHAGGY AND
FRED, EVER SINCE

AND I LIVE IN FEAR
OF THE DAY WHEN
THEY DISCOVER
WHO, WHAT..



A NEVADA HOUSING
DEVELOPMENT

THE ADVENTURES OF SCRAPPY-DOO & THE SCRAPPY GANG!

SCRAPPY'S SELF-IMPROVEMENT PLAN!

A zany romp with those lovable,
laughable pups, courtesy of:

KEITH GIFFEN & J.M. DeMATTEIS: writers
DALE EAGLESHAM: art HI-FI: color TRAVIS LANHAM: letters
BRITTANY HOLZHERR: asst. editor
MARIE JAVINS: loves dogs and freelancers

WE...
THAT'S NOT
A PRETTY
GHT

GRAAARR!
RAARRR! AROOOO! HISSSS!

YAAAAHH!

CHAAAAKK!



WMM
THOSE
SCREAMS
SOUNDED
HUMAN

I GUESS
DINKLEY AND HER
CREW AREN'T THE ONLY
ONES WHO HAVEN'T
BEEN MUTATED BY
THIS DAMN
PLAGUE--

--OR WHATEVER IT IS
THE COMPLEX UNLEASHED
BLESS WE COULD GO DOWN
THERE AND HELP--

--BUT,
REALLY,
WHAT HAVE
HUMANS
EVER DONE
FOR US?

ROWRRRR!
ROOOO!
HISSSSS!
GHAARRRR!
KAAAAA!

OKAY, SO
THEY TURNED US
INTO SO-CALLED
SMART DOGS, BUT
THEY ONLY DID
THAT TO USE US

SELL
US LIKE
SLAVES--
TO THE
MILITARY

IN OTHER
WORDS, THEY
"IMPROVED" US
SO WE COULD
DIE FOR
THEM.

AND FOR
THAT THEY
EXPECTED
LOYALTY?
IDIOTS!

GRRRRR

YEAH, YEAH--
I HEAR YA, SNUFFLES.
YOU AND THE OTHERS
WANNA GO DOWN THERE
AND TEAR A FEW
HUMANS APART
YOURSELVES--

GRRRRR
ROWRRRRRR

BUT
THOSE MONSTERS
WOULD MAKE SHORT
WORK OF US.

OF COURSE YOU
ALL WOULD'VE FIGURED
THAT OUT FOR YOURSELVES
IF YOUR IMPLANTS WEREN'T
DEFECTIVE

AS IT IS, I'M
THE ONLY ONE WHOSE
ARTICULATION CHIP DIDN'T
BURN OUT WHEN THE
POWER AT THE COMPLEX
WENT DOWN.

NOT
EASY BEING
THE ONLY GENIUS
IN A PACK OF
MORONS.


W...NOTHING
PERSONAL.

YOU WANNA
DO SOMETHING USEFUL?
FANK THE HOUSE BUT STAY
OUT OF SIGHT.

LET THE
MONSTERS
HAVE THEIR
FUN.

AND
DON'T MAKE A
MOVE UNLESS I
ORDER IT.

ROWWWF
ROWWWF



CAN'T SAY
THOSE THINGS
AREN'T EFFICIENT.
WASTEFUL--BUT
EFFICIENT.


ONCE THEY'RE
GONE, MY BOYS
CAN FEAST ON THE
LEFTOVERS. SHOULD
MAKE FOR A TERRIFIC
LUNCH. AND WE WON'T
EVEN HAVE TO
WORK FOR IT.

ONE GOOD
THING ABOUT
THE APOCALYPSE
THERE'S LOTS OF
FREE EATS.

BUT IT'S ONLY
A MATTER OF TIME
BEFORE ALL OUR CYBER-
PARTS DIE OUT--AND THEN
WE ALL GO BACK TO BEING
ORDINARY CANINES. AND
I HAVE NO INTENTION
OF BEING ORDINARY
AGAIN.

WHICH IS WHY
WE'VE GOTTA
FIND DINKLEY. SHE'S
THE ONLY ONE WITH
THE KNOW-HOW TO
UPGRADE US.

THE
ONLY ONE
LEFT ALIVE,
THAT IS.



AND WHEN
WE DO FIND THE
DOC--I HOPE
SCOOPY-DOO
IS STILL WITH
HER.

GOD, I
HATE THAT
SOFT-HEARTED
SIMPLETON WITH
A PASSION!

BUT
WE'S NOT OUR
PROBLEM RIGHT
NOW: SURVIVAL
IS.

THE WHOLE
COUNTRY'S CRAWLING
WITH THOSE MUTATED
BEASTIES WE'VE
MANAGED TO AVOID
A BATTLE WITH 'EM
TILL NOW--

--BUT THE
DAY'S GONNA
COME WHEN WE'LL
HAVE TO GO
TO WAR--

AND MUCH
AS MY GANG OF
DIOTS ANNOYS THE
HELL OUT OF ME--
THEY LOOK UP TO
OL' SCRAPPY-DOO.
DEPEND ON
ME.

AND I'M
NOT LETTING
THEM DIE.

SCRATCH
SCRATCH

AT LEAST
NOT TILL
I LOCATE
DINKLEY.

OF
COURSE,
ONCE I DO,
ALL BETS
ARE--

SCRATCH
SCRATCH

LOOK AT
ME! SCRATCHING
AT MYSELF LIKE
SOME SOME
DUMB MUTT!

IF THOSE
OLD REFLEXES
ARE KICKING IN,
THESE IMPLANTS
MIGHT BE FADING
FASTER THAN I
THOUGHT

WE'VE
GOTTA GET
ON THE ROAD...
FIND THE DOG...
FAST

BUT TO
DO THAT WE'RE
GONNA HAVE TO
PLOW THROUGH
THOSE MONSTERS
AND TO DO
THAT--

--I'M
GONNA HAVE
TO MAKE
SOME BIG
CHANGES.

JUST BEFORE
THE COMPLEX WENT
DOWN, THEY IMPLANTED
AN ARRAY OF
EXPERIMENTAL
TECH IN ME

NEVER HAD
A CHANCE TO
TRY IT OUT.

GUESS
NOW'S AS
GOOD A TIME
AS ANY

NANOTECH
TO MORPH BONE
STRUCTURE... MAGNIFY
MUSCLE STRENGTH...
INITIATE RAPID
HEALING...
ELEVATE MY--

...MY...

HUFF...HUFF...
HUFF...


WHOLE
BODY... &
ON FIRE

HEAD'S
POUNGING...
FEEL LIKE I'M
GONNA PUKE
AND CRAP AT
THE SAME
TIME

SNAP
KRAAK

KRAAK
SNAPPT
POKT

DAMN
THAT
HURTS!



**BUT IT'S
WORTH
IT!**

'CAUSE NOW
I'M READY FOR
THOSE BEASTIES!
I'M READY FOR
ANYTHING!

WAIT'LL
DOCTOR DINKLEY
EEEE WHAT I'VE
BECOME! AND
THAT WEAKLING
SCOOBERT?

**LEMME
AT 'IM!**

ONE LOOK
AT ME AND HE'LL
JUST ROLL OVER
ONTO HIS BACK--
BEGGING FOR
MERCY!

BUT I'M NOT
THE MERCIFUL TYPE--
THOSE JACKASSES AT
THE COMPLEX BRED IT
OUT OF ME--SO I'LL MAKE
SURE SCOOBY-DOO
DIES A VERY SLOW
DEATH--

--AND I'LL
ENJOY EVERY
AGONIZING
MINUTE!

**NEXT: THE CENTER
CANNOT HOLD!**



THE SUPER-SONS MEET FOR THE FIRST TIME!

SUPERMAN

*In the Name of
the Father*

#10

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GLEASON

ART BY
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SEASON 2



After the defeat of the immortal villain Vandal Savage and the corrupt Time Masters who colluded with him, a new threat emerges in Season Two! Dr. Nate Heywood, an unconventional and

**THURSDAYS
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charming historian, is thrust into the action upon making a shocking discovery—the Legends are scattered throughout time.

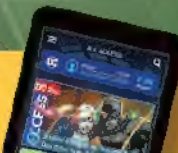
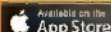
Nate must find a way to rescue Season One's beloved team of heroes and rogues. This includes billionaire inventor Ray Palmer, who has created an exo-suit with the power to shrink him to minuscule size to become the Atom; Sara Lance, the White Canary, a trained assassin; Professor Martin Stein and Jefferson "Jax" Jackson, who together form the metahuman Firestorm; and Mick Rory, a.k.a. Heat Wave, a career criminal. When the Legends encounter the ISA (the Justice Society of America, the precursor to DC's Justice League) in the 1940s, Amaya Jiwe, a.k.a. Vixen, joins the team. While the team reunites, a mystery looms—the fate of former captain Rip Hunter.

Once reunited, the Legends continue their new mission to protect the timeline from temporal aberrations—unusual changes to history that spawn potentially catastrophic consequences. When Nate, the grandson of ISA member Commander Steel, unexpectedly finds himself with powers, he must overcome his own insecurities and find the hero within himself. Ultimately, the Legends will clash with foes both past and present to save the world from a mysterious new threat. *Season Two starts Thursday, October 13, at 8/7c!*



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SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

